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EDMUND DEACON, HENRY PETERSON, } EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER: NEUTRAL IN POLITICS.

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DEVOTED TO MORALITY, PURE LITERATURE, FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC NEWS, AGRICULTURE, THE COMMERCIAL INTEREST, SCIENCE, ART AND AMUSEMENT.

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Original Poetry.

LET IT COME.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.
BY WALTER WILDWOOD.

Let it come, and be not fearful
What another day may bring,
For the heart that's always cheerful
Feels not half of sorrow's sting.
Grief's dark reign is always sterner
When he finds an easy prey,
Than when he meets some smiling mourner,
Ill disposed to brook his sway.

Let it come, nor idly murmur
At the many ills of life,
As its trials thicken, firmer
Gird your armor for the strife.
In the tide of time before you,
Good and ill, for all are held,
But the storm it will not pour you,
Till by earnest force compelled.

Let it come, and be not fearful
What the flight of time may bring—
Visions bright and spectres tearful,
Are behind his shading wing;
And to all as part be theirs,
Their allotted part he bears,
But his burden lightest lieth
On the heart that ne'er despairs.

Let it come, nor be offended
Should your sky be overcast,
And its light again be blended
With the shadows of the past.
Still will hopes of brighter morrow
Cheer your fainting spirit some,
And ev'n though it bring you sorrow,
Stand erect, and let it come!

Smithfield, Ohio.

Original Novelet.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

(CONTINUED.)

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY EMMA D. E. SOUTHWORTH, AUTHOR OF "RETRIBUTION, OR THE VALE OF SHADOWS."

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1849, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Office of the Clerk of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A REVELATION.

"With wild surprise
As if to marble struck, devoid of sense,
A stupid moment motionless he stood
Pierced by severe amazement, hating life,
Speechless and fixed in all the death of woe."
Thomson's Seasons.

"Oh! thou lost
And ever gentle victim—whose most fearful
Fate darkens earth and heaven—what thou now art
I know not, but if thou saw'st what I am,
I think thou would'st forgive him—whom his God
May ne'er forgive—nor his own soul."
Byron's Cain.

From the time of his sending the letter to Hagar, Raymond Withers had renewed his search after Rosalia Aguilar with augmented hope and zeal. For the result of his proposition to her he scarcely felt a doubt. Over that high and proud nature, which had bowed before no will beneath the Supreme, he had through the power of her strong affections ever held despotic sway. Now indeed he had undertaken a more difficult task, to set in antagonism the two strongest, fiercest passions of her soul, to oppose her motherly love to her wifely affection; and though even by her maternal fears he should fail to extinguish her conjugal love, at least to silence the cry of its claims—to subdue the wife by the mother. But Raymond Withers was soon to learn that he had not sounded the depths, measured the extent, or tested the strength of the soul he wished to subdue; and how

Our Portrait Gallery.

M. EMILE DE GIRARDIN.

M. Girardin's paper, complaining of Paris being under the *regne du sabre*, as well as his fear of the exciting effects of that article, by issuing during the hottest of the combat a decree, ordering the arrest of M. Girardin, and the suppression of his paper, "*La Presse*."

M. Girardin was, in consequence, arrested the same evening, and sent to the Conciergerie.—He was released, however, after a short but rigorous confinement, and allowed to resume his pen.

In his advocacy of the settlement of national disputes by arbitration, in a recent number of "*La Presse*," he made the following statement. In twenty-two year's war from 1791 to 1813, the French levies amounted to 4,556,000 men—of which Napoleon obtained by his conscriptions, 2,476,000. Those who set out were never freed from service. M. Daru, in his report to the Le-

...duced to her old limits of 1790, and from her were taken Marienburg, Philippeville, and Landau.—Such, then, was the nett produce of twenty years' gigantic wars, heroic efforts, immeasurable sacrifices, and bloodshed on every battle-field of Europe. A single battle lost, that of Waterloo, sufficed to take from France the fruit of twenty immortal victories, and to render her smaller in 1815 than in 1790. But this is not all! To 4,500,000 of *men* (how many nations have not 4,500,000 *souls*!) cut down by balls and bullets, must be added 7,000,000 francs of indemnity of war, paid by France to the Allied Powers, and which was payable in equal portions, in five years, by means of *bons* to bearer on the Royal Treasury, *plus* 190,000,000f. for the support of the foreign garrison, *plus* a multitude of various indemnities, the whole amounting to nearly two milliards. Such is the folly and wickedness of war.

...too honest to attempt to teach what she did not know. Still her thoughts recurred to her piano and harp, and it was while thinking of their sale that it occurred to her that she was in possession of one splendid and unemployed talent—and the sudden thought sent a thrill of joy through her heart, as she blessed God for the gift and for the present inspiration.

She recollected hearing Raymond often say that her voice was admirably suited for concert practice—that he had heard all the celebrated singers of the day, and had never heard a voice or an execution like hers. She recollected to have heard that professional singers frequently made large fortunes. She remembered also hearing that several of these *artistes* were deeply respected for the virtue and even for the piety of their private lives. There was nothing in Hagar's pride to prevent her embracing this career—her pride was strictly *personal*. She could not have been proud of her descent, of wealth had she possessed it, of social position, or of any other external circumstance whatever—but she *was* proud of herself, that self that came alone into the world, and would go alone out of it. Hagar quickly decided upon her course. She was not one to renounce all the comforts, refinements and elegancies of life that had grown into a habit, and a necessity, without an effort to retain them, and which she *must* resign without this or some equally lucrative plan of life. To this career she was drawn by her peculiar taste and genius; this would give her an...

...and their conduct does not grieve or anger me in the least; perhaps it inspires some contempt—but no, I take that back for your sake, Gusty, and I assure you that their treatment gives me no pain. It is only those whom I love that possess any power over me, to torture me! if *you*, Gusty, had turned rascal on my hands, that circumstance would have caused me some suffering—but people I care little about! nonsense!"

"It is *my mother*, though!" said Gusty, with a look of deep distress.

"Yes, it is *your mother*, poor boy! Never mind, Gusty! take heart—she *is* an excellent woman for all! and not the less so, because she cannot comprehend me!"

"Don't let us talk any more about it, please!" said Gusty, with a look of deep humiliation.

After a few minutes Gusty arose to go, saying, in an imploring voice, as he put on his hat and took up his ducks—

"Hagar! if I can *ever* be of any sort of service to you, for the Lord in Heaven's sake, *do* let me know—will you?"

Hagar mused a moment, and then replied—

"You *can* be of great service to me, Gusty!"

"Ah! can I? Tell me—how? where? when?" exclaimed Gusty, gladly, dropping his ducks, doffing his hat, and reseating himself.

"Not now! this is Saturday—come over and spend Monday evening with me, and I will tell you."

"Thank you, Hagar!—thank you for this mark of confidence..."

Original Sketches.

MEN AND THINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. BARTLETT.

ST. GILES.

London has its St. Giles as well as its St. James—its Seven Dials, Saffron Hill and Duck Lane, as well as its Strand and Regent Street. We sometimes talk largely of poverty in America; and, indeed, some of our cities are not strangers to it, as they should be. There *is* suffering and want even here, but it is as nothing when compared with that of the European cities and even country villages. New York and Philadelphia, and indeed the goodly city of Boston, have each their "mysteries," which, if unfolded, would shock the boldest eye; but when contrasted with "the hidden things" of London or Paris, they dwindle away into mere shadows. The poverty of our cities (there may be said to be none in the country) is generally imported—it is not American.—There are few native-born Americans who ever get so low as to beg from door to door for bread. There is a natural pride which saves any of us from such a predicament—and heaven be thanked for implanting such a pride in our breasts!—Wretched poverty stares one in the face at every step he takes in England, whether in town or country. Beggars swarm in the streets, in the alleys, in the country roads and fields. There are in England and Wales three millions of state paupers, besides the thousands of miserable wretches who keep aloof from the Poor-House by begging and imposition.

St. Giles, in London, is a large district or quarter, where poverty and the lowest species of vice abound. It is crowded by a half-Irish, half-English population, of all occupations and no occupations, guilty of all manner of vices from petty thieving up to cold-blooded murder. While I was in England, the London Statistical Society appointed a Committee to examine the sanitary condition of Church Lane, St. Giles; and a friend of mine, who was on that Committee, gave me some appalling facts, which the Committee gathered from personal observation. I give a sample of them: The Lane is three hundred feet long, and contains thirty-two houses. It is lighted by *three gas lights*, and water is supplied three times a week, but no tanks or tubs were to be found. The first house which the Committee visited contained forty-five persons, and only six rooms and twelve beds! The windows were broken in—a really beneficial thing—and filth abounded everywhere. In the second building, there were fifty persons, and only thirteen beds. In the third there were sixty-one persons, and only nine beds, averaging seven persons to a bed, and these of both sexes, all ages and conditions! When it is remembered that these buildings are low, small and wretched, the rooms mere pens, some idea of the wretchedness of their occupants can be formed. This is only a fair sample of the thirty-two houses in the Lane, all of which they visited. In a lengthy report made by this Committee, and printed for the use of Parliament, they say:

"In these wretched dwellings, all ages and both sexes, fathers and daughters, mothers and sons, grown up brothers and sisters, stranger adult males and females, and swarms of children,—the sick, the dying and the dead, are herded together, with a proximity and mutual pressure which the brutes would resist: where it is physically impossible to preserve the ordinary decencies of life, where all sense of propriety and self-respect must be lost."

Such is the picture drawn by Englishmen of British poverty! In this region, splendid Vice never sets its foot. Here there are no attractions towards Sin, but its lineaments gleam out in all their horrible truth. The expert young gambler never dreams of coming here, but a few years will probably leave him here or in a worse place; the prostitute of Regent Street does not think of the dark, dismal haunts in Church Lane; but she is sure to wind up her sad career here. There are in London eighty thousand public prostitutes; and (what is almost impossible to believe, yet is strictly true,) fifteen thousand of them are not sixteen years old! Where do they all come from?—where do they go?—are questions naturally asked. They come—many of them—from the respectable classes, from sudden poverty, seducement or a love of crime. They all finish their education in crime and misery in the region of St. Giles, and this makes it what it is—the wretchedest place the world ever saw. Gentlemen who have devoted their lives to the eradication of city vice and misery, say that, in London, the great, chief cause of prostitution, is *poverty!* If this be so—and no one who examines facts well-substantiated in the matter can doubt it—what a responsibility rests on those who keep a country in such a condition that honest labor is no preventative against starvation! Where honest labor *will not* procure bread, and vicious deeds *will*, be sure that crime will abound.

In company with a friend, I put myself one night into the hands of a policeman, and slipping a half-crown into his palm, told him to take us over the worst parts of St. Giles, and into some of its worst haunts of sin and misery. We first entered Church Lane, where our guide told us we should see the worst specimens of wretchedness to be seen in all London. The first building we entered was a Lodging House, or at least an old sign over the door said so. The policeman rapped at the door—it was nine o'clock at night—and the keeper, with a sickly lamp, came to the door, and knowing his object, invited us in. The guests had all "turned in," he said, or nearly so,—on the floor of the room answering to a bar-room in this country, there lay stretched over a dozen persons, and he told us the other rooms were full. Taking a lamp, he led the way into the other rooms—in some there were beds spread on the floor, in others old blankets, but the floors of all were so closely packed with men, women and children, that it would have been impossible to have wedged in two more persons in any one of the rooms! The sight which they presented to us was disgusting at first, and finally appalling. Dirty, bloated and feverish, the poor creatures seemed actually roasting with the heat of the room, and the atmosphere was most foul, notwithstanding the windows were generally broken out. We asked the keeper his usual charge for lodging, and he answered "Two pence!" He must, to pay his expenses, entertain a large number of lodgers, at so small a price per man.

From this place we passed into another street to a little tavern, or pot-house, which is a general resort for thieves and all manner of bad persons. The bar-room was crowded, and beer was drank in large quantities while we were present, but the thieves seemed to surmise that our guide was an officer, for they attempted no "game" upon us.—(Our guide was one of the "detectives," and not dressed in the common uniform.) The officer told us that such and such a one had been in jail, one for theft, another for counterfeiting, and still another for manslaughter. But the majority were criminals of the lowest grade, guilty of bestiality, drunkenness, petty thefts and prostitution. Every one wore the marks of a hard life, and in the light of their eyes I saw a miserable sadness, that told too surely to be mistaken, of the mental hell they all were in, disguise it as much as they would.

As we passed again out into the open street, the watchman told us of the many of his fellows who had been knocked down and even murdered in this region, and of the danger that even we were in at the time. The street now looked fit for dark deeds; no walkers were to be seen, and the sickly, feeble light of the lamps only added to the gloom of the region. As we were passing down a dark alley, the noise of revellers startled us from our meditations. We passed by the building containing them, the policeman saying, "It would not be safe for us to go in there now, but if it were, I could show you sights you would refuse to believe possible, even from my lips. A St. Giles ball is going on above our heads in that long room and in all that is horrible, criminal and bestial, it caps the climax to all sights to be seen here."—We stopped for a few moments and listened to the uproar above us. Shouts and screams ever and anon broke in upon the night's stillness, and sensual laughter and drunken conversation mingled with the noise of dancing feet, made the scene any thing but a pleasant one. "Let us be moving from this place," I said, growing uneasy with the thought that we were surrounded with desperadoes, who, if civil to the policemen, might not be to us, if they discovered us.

"One more sight, and we will go," he answered, and we hurried along to a St. Giles Theatre—a small and dingy-looking building, where, for a penny in the gallery and threepence in the pit, one may gaze at "the legitimate drama!" Such an audience I never saw before nor since. Crowded compactly in pit, boxes and gallery, were several hundred of the lowest characters, principally prostitutes and thieves. Boys and girls, varying in age from six to sixteen, were here gazing at plays openly immoral, inculcating the most vicious sentiments and actions. But there was no need of moralizing in such a manner—young as they were, probably they had learned *at home* to act far worse in real life than the heroes in the play acted in fictitious life! Moral sentiments were groaned and hissed at by the audience, and any bravado language, any billingsgate slang, or sensual inuendo, brought down the whole house in applause. I was glad to get out of such a "breathing hole of hell," and breathe the pure, clear air of the street. This was the end of our night's visit to St. Giles, and I was glad to get safely home away from such horrible realities.

☞ ETIQUETTE OF A DINNER PARTY.—"Married ladies precede the single. The lady of the house is the last to enter the dining-room. People who are engaged walk together. Ladies do not dine with gloves on, and are not asked to take wine by gentlemen. There must be a salt-cellar for every two persons."—*London Journal.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1849.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

THE DESERTED WIFE.

We expect to conclude this profoundly interesting story in next week's paper. Its length has greatly exceeded our own and the author's expectations—but there seemed to be so much to be told, and the interest was so admirably sustained, that we could not find it in our heart to advise her to cut it short. Our readers will be pleased to learn that we have engaged Mrs. Southworth as a regular contributor, and that they will frequently hear from her in the future. Hereafter, the back numbers of the "Deserted Wife" will not be sent to our new subscribers, unless they particularly request it. Those wishing full numbers of it, had better write soon, for our extra edition is nearly exhausted. We have other novelties in store for our readers, of which more anon.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

The most important news from Europe since our last paper, is a report from Paris that "the French Ambassador at St. Petersburgh had forwarded despatches to his Government, intimating a change in the hostile determination of Russia in its disagreement with Turkey. So far from forcing matters to extremities, Russia expressed itself anxious to settle the difference quietly, provided no warlike interference was threatened on the part of England. The same rumor was prevalent at Vienna on the 21st instant." If these reports be true, the Czar has ignobly retreated from the ignoble position he had taken, and acknowledged that he does not consider Russia and Austria as yet a match for Turkey and France and England. But his reason for taking a step that would arouse against him the two great powers of Western Europe is still shrouded in mystery. It may be, however, that, judging from the imbecility shown by France and England in relation to Hungary, the Czar had concluded they would not fight for any provocation. For we do not believe that Nicholas would pause for any idle protests which might be made,—no, nothing but the stand taken by England and France that they would *fight*, if need be, for the independence of Turkey, has prevented the subjugation of the Ottoman empire. Probably the Czar thought that if England would not take up the sword for the Protestant Magyars, she would not risk a war, with its dreaded burden of debt, for the infidel Turk! He forgot that it is "the last drop which makes the cup run over."

The Emperor of Austria, awakened to shame by the execrations of Europe, has ordered Haynau to cease his butcheries for the present. Haynau was so indignant at finding his occupation gone, that he is said to have resigned his post. Arrests were still being made, however.

It is now asserted that Hungarian notes issued by Kossuth will be repudiated, and the owners will receive an indemnification of 25 to 30 per cent. If this be carried out it will ruin one half of the landowners, merchants and peasants of Hungary.

At the last advices the English and French fleets were assembling near the Dardanelles. The French envoy in Paris is said to have declared to M. de Tocqueville, that if the French fleet approached the Dardanelles, Russia would consider it just cause of war. We shall see.

According to reports from Pesth the crown of Hungary is now in England, whither it was sent by Kossuth. Szemere was in league with him; and on making his escape from Widdin executed the commission of carrying off the crown jewels to London. This statement explains the report that Szemere had stolen some very valuable trinkets belonging to Kossuth—a report which, from the very commencement, met with no credit.

Klapka and the Hungarian officers who served at Comorn, were received at Bremen with great manifestations of popular enthusiasm. 160 of them are expected to take shipping at Bremen for New Orleans. We trust that the inhabitants of whatever American city they first land in, will take measures to show their admiration for these brave men by suitable demonstrations—not forgetting that strangers in a strange land need sympathy and counsel quite as much as public dinners and "three times three."

In France the trial of the June insurgents has been progressing at Lyons. Of 18 tried, all but one were acquitted, and he was sentenced by default, as he had made his escape.

It is reported, and generally credited, that a considerable movement of foreigners and ultra-democrats from the departments is taking place towards Paris, with what object is not yet clearly ascertained. Can this be a modern imitation of the famous march of the Girondists upon the capital, in the Revolution of '98?

The Germanic States, annoyed at the prospect of being domineered over by Austria and Prussia, are forming an alliance to counteract the new "dodge." Bavaria, Wurtemburg and Hanover, have taken umbrage at the conduct of the two great powers, and out of this quarrel, events may spring, calculated to serve the cause of "fatherland."

The English Government is said to have it in contemplation to propose a scheme for extending the franchise, in the next session of Parliament.—The object is to give votes to a large proportion of the operative classes, and thus strike a blow at the new movement in favor of reform, which it is probably feared will run to too great extremes.

Abbott Lawrence, Esq., Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States, had an audience of her Majesty at Windsor Castle, on Saturday, the 20th ult., to deliver his credentials. He was introduced by Viscount Palmerston, G. C. B., her Majesty's Principal Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. Lord Palmerston also introduced to Her Majesty, Sir Henry Bulwer, who took leave on departing to enter on the duties of his mission as Minister to the United States.

The Cholera had ceased as an epidemic in Liverpool, there being but three cases during the week ending the 27th ult. The general mortality of the town was 18 per cent. below the average of the season. In Paris it has entirely disappeared.

The annual meeting of the Peace Congress is announced to take place in Frankfort, Germany, in 1850. Preparations have already commenced there for it.

Lord Dudley Stuart has published in the London Daily News an appeal to the mothers, the wives, and the daughters of England, to furnish "a home for Kossuth," and to extend to him a welcome becoming the British race, who are the friends of freedom.

Lady Franklin is at present endeavoring to organize a scheme to relieve the expeditions in the Polar Seas in the course of the ensuing spring.

The Swedish papers state that Louis Philippe has been in treaty with the Danish Government, for the Castle of Fredensborg, between Holsinborg and Copenhagen, intending to end his days there.

On Saturday, the Prince of Wales hoisted his flag for the first time, on the occasion of his royal highness, with the other juvenile members of the royal family, embarking at Cowes, in the royal yacht Fairy, for Gosport, unaccompanied by Her Majesty or Prince Albert.

The alleged flogging of female emigrants on board the emigrant ship Ramilies, has been officially investigated, and thus far is not substantiated.

Lamartine is said to be about to retire to the East, the Sultan having made him a gratuitous grant of an immense tract in a fertile plain of the crown domains, within a few hours' ride of Smyrna. His friend, M. Charles Rolland, is about to take possession of it in his name, and he will himself repair thither in the Spring.

In Ireland things are as bad as ever. 74 families, 370 souls, have recently been evicted from the property of a Col. Wyndham, in Clare—their dwellings being rased to the ground. A correspondent of the "Clare Examiner" says:

There were no notices of eviction received in due time by the relieving officer. There is no room for the crowd in the Ennis Union Workhouse. They are denied out-door relief on some pretext or other. Women, with infants in their arms, slept out under the freezing cold of the past week, and the floor of the chapel is now the only home of the exterminated people. The last sanctuary on earth is the house of God.

A NEW ASPIRANT.

The Philadelphia public was recently astounded by the announcement that a Miss Kimberly, of Connecticut, had taken the Sansom Street Hall upon its being vacated by Mrs. Kemble, and would follow that lady in a course of readings of Shakspeare.

It was generally concluded that such an announcement argued either great genius (conscious of its own powers) or great audacity. And to solve this question, quite a considerable number of gentlemen and ladies (ourselves among the number of the former,) assembled at the Hall on the evening of the first reading, for the subject of which the fair debutante, as she had evidently determined to take the city by storm, had appropriately chosen "The Tempest."

To succeed as a reader of Shakspeare requires a much greater breadth and universality of genius, than is required to establish a high reputation as an actor or an actress. A lady may justly be entitled a splendid actress, who can personate to the life one or two ranges of character. But to read Shakspeare well, an actor is needed who could personate on the stage, so far as the mental and spiritual qualifications go, the whole round of character, from the monster in "The Tempest" to the frolicsome spirit "Ariel," from "Dogberry" to "Hamlet" and "Lear," from a coarse and prating tiring woman to the impassioned Juliet or the sparkling and brilliant Rosalind. That Mrs. Kemble did succeed "passing well" in what she undertook, is proof of higher powers of imitation and imagination than was given by her performances on the stage in years past.

Miss Kimberly's reading of "The Tempest" was by no means, taking it altogether, an inferior performance. The parts of Miranda and Ariel especially, were admirably given. She has fine eyes, and a handsome and very expressive face—one well calculated for the delivery of piquant and artless sentiments—with a voice singularly clear, sweet and ringing in its feminine tones. In short, if she were to appear as Miranda on the stage, or as Rosalind, or even as Juliet, we should augur very highly of her success. But her Prospero was shocking—her Caliban well conceived, but wanting in force—her Ferdinand only so-so. Despite the opinions of a respected contemporary, we think her Trinculo and Stephano were excellent.

But while Miss K. threw sufficient animation into detached parts of the play, she let it drag as a whole, until we thanked our nightly cup of tea for preserving us from the awful fate of a gentleman who sat before us, wasting as much energy in nods as would have spoken to all his acquaintances for a year to come.

Since writing the above we have attended Miss K.'s second reading—that of "Romeo and Juliet"—and now feel inclined to give to the flames all that we have above written; for there is a deprecating tone pervading it, which notwithstanding our high praise of parts of the performance, doubtless will convey to the reader our impression that the reading of "Miss K.", on the whole, was a failure.

It was unfortunate for Miss Kimberly, that "The Tempest" was chosen for the first reading—that which many would judge her by. It is a very difficult piece to read, and is inferior in interest, to a general audience, to various others of Shakspeare's plays. But in "Romeo and Juliet" the fair reader seemed at home. We heard Mrs. Kemble in the same play, and have no hesitancy in expressing the opinion that, as a whole, Miss Kimberly's reading was fully equal to that of her "illustrious predecessor." Miss K.'s "Mercutio" (no easy part) was decidedly superior to Mrs. Kemble's—we shall consider it, until we hear it better done, perfection. Her "nurse" and "old Capulet," were fully as good as Mrs. Kemble's. Her "Romeo" and her "Juliet" superior in some respects, inferior in others. As a general reader, however, especially of declamatory passages, Miss K. lacks the scrupulous correctness, the strict propriety of emphasis and intonation, which distinguishes Mrs. Kemble. With practice, however, she will doubtless acquire equal perfectness.

Miss K. is a lady of, we suppose, about thirty, in the maturity of her physical and intellectual being. She has a magnificent head, and is altogether a splendid looking woman. She dresses in the common concert and opera style, against which, in her case, whatever other objections may be made, we cannot urge the common one that beauties are displayed which for want of the requisite roundness of contour, are very far from being beauties.

In conclusion, we have one suggestion respectfully to make to Miss K. In reading passages where passion or grief are the prevailing emotions, she should be careful to let the countenance express the full *depth* of the feeling—not to paint, as it were, the lineaments of grief or passion on a smiling ground. In her reading of "Mercutio," this general defect was a particular virtue. But in all the other characters it was a blemish. We pray her to "reform it altogether." However sudden the change from smiles to tears or frowns, root the smile out of the face completely.

AN AUDACIOUS REFORMER

A Philadelphia "reformer" has sought the columns of the "Germantown Telegraph," to give a few lessons to the editors of this city upon the proper mode of conducting their papers. He says:—

The encomiums which some of the Philadelphia editors bestow upon female writers, are simply ridiculous, to say nothing of their want of good taste and delicacy. Really, if some of these ladies be-

PRINTERS AND PRINTING.

A veteran of the press, J. T. Buckingham, of Boston, thus discourses in an article upon printers and printing:

"Many who condescend to illuminate the dark world with the fire of their genius through the columns of a newspaper, little think of the lot of the printer, who, almost suffocated by the smoke of a lamp, sits up till midnight to correct his false grammar, bad orthography, and worse punctuations. I have seen the arguments of lawyers, in high repute as scholars, sent to the printer in their own hand-writing—many words, and especially technical and foreign terms, abbreviated, words misspelled, and few or no points, and those few, if there were any, entirely out of place. I have seen the sermons of eminent 'divines' sent to the press without points or capitals to designate the division of the sentences—sermons which, if published with the imperfections of the manuscript, would disgrace the printer's devil if he were the author. Suppose they had been so printed. The printer would have been treated with scorn and contempt as an illiterate blockhead—as a fellow better fitted to be a wood-sawyer than a printer. Nobody would have believed that such gross and palpable faults were owing to the ignorance or carelessness of the author. And no one but the practical printer knows how many hours a compositor, and after him a proof-reader, is compelled to spend in reducing to a readable condition manuscripts that the writers themselves would be puzzled to read."

The above, judging from our own experience, is as true as gospel. Putting established authors aside, not one professional man in a hundred knows how to prepare an article for the press. If editors were to print the articles even of men of ability (and whose thoughts are really worth laying before the public) in the exact guise in which they are generally sent, the articles and the authors would be alike the objects of mirth and ridicule. Grammatical errors, involved and almost incomprehensible sentences, and bad spelling deform nine out of ten productions that are sent to an editor. Even in the cases of professional authors, too many of them are liable to the same faults. And they do not amend them, because as they see everything right and proper when their articles are printed, they probably are unaware of their own deplorable transgressions. Sometimes in casual communications which an editor will receive, he perceives one good thought in a desert of common-places, and cuts down the article in which it appears in *order* to give the wheat, without the chaff, to his readers. Nine chances in ten he receives an indignant note from the author shortly afterwards, requesting to have his "future articles published *as written, or not at all!*" Whereat the philosophic editor merely laughs,—for he is used to such things.

An editor who is worthy of his calling, never hesitates to undergo the labor of correcting grammatical errors, misspellings, and gross obscurities of meaning, when he has the time to devote to it. But often he has not the time, and the articles so marred, though good in other respects, must go into the "donkey's den." Young aspirants for literary honors—and old ones, too, for that matter—should remember this. We sometimes receive contributions in which the authors give "want of time" as an excuse for not perfecting their articles. That excuse, of all possible ones, is best calculated to excite the ire of an editor. If an article accompanied with such an apology gets printed, it may be counted only short of a miracle. "Not time"—if the author cannot take the time with his own article, who else is silly enough to do it? He certainly ought to know best what amount of time and labor his own thoughts are worth.

OUTRAGEOUS.

In sentencing a number of rioters, recently, Judge Parsons made the following astounding statement:

It is a melancholy fact, he said, yet it is nevertheless true, that from 1844, down to this time, scarce an individual who has been convicted of an aggravated riot in this county, has served out his imprisonment, no matter whether short or long. The ink is hardly dry in which the sentence is recorded, before a petition is prepared and circulated, asking for the pardon of the offender, and that too, where the evidence of guilt is as clear as a sunbeam.

He spoke of a sickly sentimentality that pervaded the minds of a small portion of the community, under the guise of philanthropy, in favor of criminals, that often secured the pardon of offenders of the worst character, without a single word of inquiry being made as to the nature and extent of their guilt. He said that the pity of the Court was doubly excited for those engaged in the last riot, from the *fact*, that a number of those who were guilty of the riot in June, were convicted at the last and the previous term of the Court. *They were sentenced to an imprisonment of but a few months, yet all, save one, were shortly after pardoned.* The last one was released but four days before the riot of the 9th of October, and *a general jubilee was held over his deliverance upon the spot where the riot had been perpetrated.* The Court had a right to infer that these wholesale pardons had given them great encouragement to continue in their lawless enterprises, with the almost certain hope that they would be in like manner speedily released if they should be imprisoned.

Is not this an abominable state of things. No election is pending now in Pennsylvania, and our motives, therefore, will not be misconstrued when we ask of Governor Johnston what right he has to thus nullify, by wholesale, the action of our courts, and turn the worst kind of criminals loose upon society. He may answer: "My Democratic predecessors did the same." We grant it—but what is that to us? We now demand, in the name of a deeply injured community, that this perverted clemency for villains—which is cruelty to the peaceable and virtuous—be put an end to at once and forever.

CALIFORNIA.

THE ROSEMARY. *A Collection of Sacred and Religious Poetry. Philada: Lindsay & Blakiston.* A beautiful volume of exceedingly well-chosen sacred and religious poetry, well-suited for a gift-book for the hallowed Christmas season. It contains eight illustrations, engraved by Sartain—viz.: "Moses Smiting the Rock," "Hebron," "Daniel in the Lion's Den," "Elijah Fed by Ravens," "Abraham Offering up Isaac," "God's Covenant with Noah," "Joseph Sold by his Brethren," and "The Women at the Sepulchre."—The poetry is by Longfellow, Cowper, Ware, Heber, J. Q. Adams, Bethune, E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Welby, Mrs. Sigourney, Hannah More, W. H. Burleigh, Emerson, Milnes, Dana, Scott, Whittier, Barrett, Peirpont, Miss Lynch, Barry Cornwall, Victor Hugo, Bryant, &c., &c., &c.

POETICAL QUOTATIONS. *Consisting of Elegant Extracts on Every Subject. Compiled from various Authors, and arranged under appropriate heads. By John T. Watson, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.* Another elegant volume of poetical gems—illustrating almost every subject. A great number of authors are quoted, and extensive libraries, not accessible to the great mass of readers, have been searched for appropriate quotations.—The volume is designed as a gift-book, and contains nine engravings—"The Noontide Dream," "The Thunderstorm," "The Bashful Lover," "The Parting Wreath," &c.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK. We have received the December number of Godey. It is embellished with engravings of "The Secret," "The Gentle Warning," (both fine pictures), a portrait of Mrs. Neal (a good *likeness*, but by no means a flattering one—it looks ten years older and considerably darker than she really is)—"After the Election," the Fashions, &c., &c. The literary contributors to this number are "Fanny Linton," Simms, Clara Morton, T. S. Arthur, Miss Leslie, Mrs. Ellet, Grace Greenwood, &c., &c., &c.

AMERICAN HISTORICAL TALES FOR YOUTH. *New York: D. Appleton & Co.* This is the first of a series, designed to present to the young, books of a higher value than those usually prepared for them. The series will embrace biographies, history, travels, &c., and as it is designed especially for American youth, the subjects will not unfrequently be American. The present volume contains the adventures of Henry Hudson, Daniel Boone, and *the* John Smith. For sale by *G. S. Appleton, Philadelphia.*

PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY. *A book of Thoughts and Arguments, originally treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, D. C. L. F. R. S. From the eighth London edition. Philadelphia: E. H. Butler & Co.* A splendid edition of a work that is de-

It is necessary that we should state, in order to relieve anxieties and allay the fears which have been but unduly created, regarding the general prosperity of the emigration overland this year, that latest accounts are highly encouraging, and represent the entire body full five weeks earlier than the emigration of any preceding year. We deem this statement but just in view of the wrong impression which has gone abroad, and which exists even to the present time to a great extent in this place. The friends of emigrating parties, residing in the States, may rest assured of the general safety of all, and that aside from the ordinary fatigue and privations of the journey, no suffering has as yet been experienced.

About 30,000 persons, mostly young men, compose the overland emigration this year. A portion of this body is already in the country, and parties are nearly every day arriving. Captain R. Owen, who piloted a company across the country by the Santa Fe route, diverging to the Northern road, crossing the Sierra Nevada, and entering California near Johnson's rancho, reports the emigration in an unusually forward state, with provisions plenty and to spare. The grass along the road had been abundant, and but in one place was it believed a scarcity of food for stock would be encountered. This was above the sink of Mary's River, and here, by abandoning the road, a subsistence can be procured.

THE GOLDEN EMIGRATION.—The arrivals for the month ending September 28, at San Francisco, by sea, are as follows:—

Americans	4,271
Foreigners	1,531
Total	5,802

Of which 122 are females. Number of tons of shipping in the harbor of San Francisco, this day, 94,344.

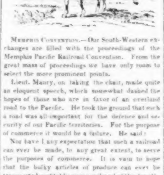
MARRIED.

On Thursday evening, the 3rd of September, at the house of the bridegroom, by the Rev. Dr. Mines, of the Church of the Holy Trinity, San Francisco, Edward Weller, Esq., merchant, to Miss Sauer, all of San Francisco.

DIED.

September 5th, Henry Orville Comstock, of Shelburn, Vermont, aged 23 years; 10th instant, Thomas Hays, of Beverley, Massachusetts; September 15, Captain John Knight, supposed to be from Falmouth, Maine; Sept. 4th, John Livingston, of Williamsburg, N. Y.; Sept. 8, Col. John A. King, late of the city of New York, aged about 46 years; Sept. 26th, Thomas R. Campbell, of Weymouth, Nova Scotia; Drowned, in Suisun Bay, Captain Enoch Hale, of the barque Rolla, from East Dennis, Maine; 24th instant, Giraud, only son of the late N. W. Strong, of New York, aged 21 years; Sept. 4th, Lyman Holly, of Royalton, Vermont, aged 30 years; also, same day, J. R. Jobson, of Virginia; also, on the 4th, R. Smart, of Scotland; Sept. 9, Chester Ingersoll, a native of Vermont; August 31st, Ithamar Whiting, late of Tepic, Mexico, aged 56 years; Sept. 1st, Colonel Henry Helm, late of Cincinnati, Ohio, aged 43 years; Sept. 1st, S. H. Cole, of Louisiana; Aug. 10, on the voyage from Panama, B. F. Jeter, Esq., aged 38; on Wednesday, 12th Sept., at the United States Hotel, in this place, of diarrhœa, Henry S. Pearson, printer, aged about 38 years, a native of Philadelphia.

General News.



THE SUSQUEHANNA COUNTY BANK.—The community at Montrose, who have been swindled by the failure of the Susquehanna Bank, do not take their loss kindly, but rather evince a disposition to resort to the code Lynch for redress. As soon as it was known the bank had failed, a committee of citizens was appointed to investigate its affairs, and the alleged frauds charged against the cashier, T. P. St. John. This committee reported that the bank had in circulation notes amounting to upwards of $200,000, whereas the said cashier had given the most positive assurances that the whole amount in circulation was only $49,000, and that every dollar should be redeemed within two weeks. The committee say that there never was a more stupendous fraud committed in the whole history of bank swindling. All the available funds found in the bank was under twenty-five dollars. The cashier was lodged in jail, and effigies of him and his uncle, the bank's agent, were hung at the jail door. A mob escorted the former to jail, blowing upon tin horns and drumming upon tin pans. That night the bank sign was torn off and nailed to the jail. Such is the indignant feeling of the people, that neither the public authorities nor the sheriff attempted to take down either the effigies or sign.—*Ledger.*

AN IMPORTANT PRINCIPLE.—"On the dissolution of a partnership, the partners are not to be entitled to be repaid out of the assets for their advances of capital, unless there has been a special agreement to that effect. Such assets, after payment of debts, are to be divided among the partners according to their respective interests in the concern."

We clip the above from a New York paper, which says that it is the decision of one of the Courts there. If our Courts rule the same, we call the particular attention of our merchants to the fact. It may be law, but certainly it is not justice, and they should at once overhaul their articles of co-partnership, and arrange them so that it may not be in any one partner's power to appeal to the law to outrage justice.

ALABAMA WOOL.—A neighbor of mine, says a correspondent of the Alabama Tribune, writing from Sumter county, in that State, owns seventeen grown sheep. They were sheared the other day, and upon weighing the wool, which was very neat and clean, it was found the average from each was 3 lbs. 3 oz. This, then, proves ours a better sheep country than that of Tennessee, especially when I assure you that in the case I have brought to your notice, the sheep had no care bestowed upon them, and were in the woods until late in November. The idea of greater attention to other pursuits than barely raising cotton, is, I think, fairly taking hold of the people of this section.

PARISIAN FEELING.—The feeling of the Parisians is shown by the way in which they received the new play of "Rome" during the time its representation was permitted by the Government: "Even the sight of the French troops victorious at Rome," writes the Literary Gazette's correspondent, "and of the French flag flying triumphantly, from the capitol, only excited terrific hootings and yells—the very first time assuredly that

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKET.

SATURDAY, Nov. 10, 1849.

REMARKS—There has been but little change to notice in the market during the past week. The Hibernia's advices, received on Tuesday last, have caused an advance of ⅛c per lb on Cotton, but otherwise they have had no effect upon the market. Breadstuffs, with the exception of Wheat, are in limited demand, but prices have undergone no change. Sugar has been in fair request, and prices are fully maintained. Money continues abundant, and the Banks are discounting most of the short paper offering. The market is better supplied with Sterling Bills, and sales have been made at 109¾a110¼, which is a slight decline.

The following are the principal exports to foreign ports from the 1st to the 9th inst.

Flour, bbls.	5,310	Corn, bush.	12,000
Corn Meal,	529	Pork, bbls.	167
Rye Flour,	300	Beef,	18
Bread,	275	Coal, tons,	187
Bark, hhds.	87	Rice, tcs.	39
Wheat, bush.	24,032	Naval Stores, bbls.	300

FLOUR AND MEAL.—There has been but little inquiry for Flour this week, for shipment, but prices have undergone no change; sales of 5a6,000 bbls common and good brands at $5 per bbl; for city consumption sales of common and fair brands at $5a5,18¾, and select lots and extra at $5,25a5,62½. Rye Flour—Sales of 500 bbls at $3. Corn Meal is rather more inquired after—sales of 1,000 bbls Pennsylvania at $3 per bbl.

The quantity of Flour and Meal inspected during the week ending 8th inst. was as follows:

Wheat Flour	bbls	20,504
do.	half bbls	702
Rye Flour	bbls	604
Corn Meal	bbls	1,880
do.	hhds	79

GRAIN—There has been a good demand for white Wheat for shipment, but for red it is moderate; sales of 40,000 bushels inferior and prime red at $1,03a1,07 and white at $1,13, including one or two lots at something higher, and some mixed at $1,08. Rye is scarce and has advanced; sales of 2a3,000 bushels at 65 cents for Pennsylvania and 60 for Southern. Corn has been in fair request, and prices are stationary. Sales of 15,000 bushels yellow at 65, including some white at 63, and damaged at 63c weight. Oats are in better demand. Sales of 12a15,000 bushels inferior and prime Southern at 28a31, and Pennsylvania at 35c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—There has been rather more inquiry for Pork; sales of 600 bbls Mess at $10,25a10,50 per bbl cash and on time; no sales of Prime. Small sales of city packed Mess Beef at $13,20. Bacon is dull—sales of Hams in lots at 7a11. Sides at 5¾a5½, and Shoulders at 4¼a4½c per lb. Lard is in limited demand. Sales of 100 bbls and 300 kegs at 6½a7½ cents per lb on time. In Butter and Cheese no change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—Prices have undergone no change, and the transactions in both Cotton and Woollen Goods have been limited.

BARK—Quercitron continues very scarce; sales of 70 hhds No. 1 at $40 per ton—some holders will not accept this price; a cargo of Chesnut Oak sold at $11 per cord.

BEESWAX—Is more inquired after; sales of 3,000 lbs good Yellow at 21c per lb cash.

CANDLES—Demand limited. Sperm have advanced to 29 cts per lb; sales of Tallow Candles in lots at 10a11c.

COAL—The demand for shipment is limited, but prices have not varied; cargo sales of Schuylkill White Ash at $3,62½a3,75, and Red Ash $4; Lehigh Lump and

The Gold Regions.

Political Intelligence.

Clippings.

New Publications.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CATTLE MARKETS.

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 1-, 1849.

ON A FUNERAL.

Mrs. Swisshelm in an article in the "Visiter" upon the funeral of the late Dr. Black, of Pittsburg, makes the following very excellent remarks. With her sentiment, relative to attiring the dead for burial in the garments they have worn through life, we entirely coincide. She says:

"It was gratifying to see age, ability and piety command that outward show of respect and attention which is generally reserved for epaulets, fifes and drums. They buried him in a beautiful grove at the foot of a small oak tree in the Allegheny Cemetery; and with a taste and good sense worthy of imitation, in his dress clothes. It was so appropriate, so proper to button his coat over his breast, and fold his hands over it just as he used to fold them hesitating for a word, and before he raised his finger to command attention as he turned his head a little on one side to speak!

"It leaves no unpleasant sensation from the last look. Why is it that we dress the dead as though we wished to frighten the living? What is the meaning of a shroud and winding sheet?—Why should we be haunted by the memory of friends looking like a spectre, when we might see them as they had appeared in days of happiness? We rejoice to see that dressing the dead in their own clothes, and ornamenting graveyards are coming into fashion. It is so much towards divesting death of its gloom. His death was a triumph, and it was appropriate he should lie down to his rest in the same habiliments in which he labored for his victory.

"There was a large number of clergymen in the procession, by invitation, wearing scarfs.—Amongst them Bishop O'Connor of the Catholic Church. It looked strangely to see him, Rev. Mr. Sproul, Covenanter, and Rev. Mr. Cook, Episcopal Methodist, stand all together reverently with their hats off, while Rev. Mr. West, Presbyterian, prayed. *It gave us some hope that they might possibly be able to live in heaven together after all that has come and gone.* Bishop O'Connor is a fine looking man, and it was pleasant to see them all stand together, once, as the children of a common father—travellers to the same eternity. The Doctor's grave was a suitable place to forget animosities for a moment, but we dare not hope the tomahawk of sectarian warfare was buried there."

JENNY LIND.

Barnum, the curiosity-shop man, is endeavoring to persuade Jenny Lind to visit the United States. Jenny says she has no objection to coming, but she wishes to know "*how much*" the Americans want her. Barnum has sent out a second agent to see her. He says:

As regards the *terms* of Jenny Lind, Mr. Knowles, Manager of the Theatre at Manchester, Eng., engaged her to sing for him in the provincial towns, for which, I understand and believe, he paid her £100 sterling per night. I also understand and believe that while she sang at the Queen's Theatre, in London, the house usually contained £2,000 sterling per night.

The idea, therefore, is absurd that I would expect her to sing two hundred nights in America for $50,000—only $250 per night. I positively have offered her more than *four times* that sum per night, besides paying all expenses from Stockholm of herself, two servants, a companion, and a financier, (probably her father) and paying all expenses

[illegible]

"I have thought of that, too," responded Rector, "and I have provided against it. Conway must throw the *onus* of sending the challenge on Crittenden, if possible, and then we will have the choice of weapons, distance, &c. With pistols, at ten paces, Conway has not an equal in the world."

This extraordinary advice was adopted by the meeting, and Conway determined to act accordingly. The decision of the caucus might have been considered infamous, but for one fact. The Whig meeting had resolved on a similar course, which was frustrated, however, by the manly and chivalrous avowal of Crittenden, that he would sooner lose his own life than pass the first insult, unless he was sure that the other meditated some undue and insidious advantage.

Under these circumstances the debate began. Crittenden led off in a speech of incomparable excellence—mild, witty, humorous, pathetic and sublime, by turns, from beginning to end, and closing in a burst of fiery grandeur, that literally shook the forest with tempestuous peals of applause. For of all the orators Kentucky ever produced, he was truly the most *Demosthenean*. His brother, John J., was as inferior to him in power and splendid effect, as the flickering of a fire-fly is to the strong, steady glory of a fixed star.

Conway followed, and appeared strangely embarrassed by the bold logic and brilliant declamation of his opponent. He was a politician of fine abilities, but very far from being a match for the other. Besides, Crittenden's allusion were so lofty, so perfectly courteous, that the idea of insulting such a rival seemed shameful and revolting. Accordingly, in his first harangue, Conway, although exceedingly caustic, did not venture to employ any positive rudeness.

Crittenden replied in a manner still more impassioned, but yet abstained from the use of language personally offensive to his antagonist. He, however, remarked, in conclusion, and his eyes flashed as he said it, "that he trusted no gentleman would utter words, in the heat of debate, towards him, such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor."

Conway took fire like powder at a torch. He bounded to his feet, and poured forth on the head of his opponent a torrent of the most bitter and burning denunciation.

Crittenden rejoined with but a single sentence: "Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer, and that, you may be sure, I will make right speedily." He then descended from the platform, and, attended by a few select friends, hurried away to his hotel. His second waited on Conway the same evening, and a hostile meeting was arranged the following morning.

A vast throng collected at the time and place appointed, to witness the duel. The seconds were Col. Wharton Rector for Conway, and Ben Desha for Crittenden. As the seconds in all such mortal combats are often more important, as respects the final result, than even the principals themselves, we may be pardoned for briefly sketching the two who acted in the present case.

Wharton Rector was a professed duellist, notorious alike for the number and fatality of his murderous conflicts. He was universally feared throughout the West, from St. Louis to New Orleans, although in some shrewd minds there had always lingered a doubt as to the character of his courage. These thought that the desperado relied on his immense personal strength, and the deadliness of his arm, rather than on innate and unconquerable bravery.

Ben Desha, a son of the celebrated Governor of Kentucky, had but recently emigrated to Arkansas. His prowess was not known, but only imagined from his singular and striking appearance. He was a tall, pale, slender man, whose thin lip

[illegible]

CALIFORNIA PRICES.

[illegible]

Marriages.

[illegible]

Deaths.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

[illegible]

Clippings.

[illegible]

Pictures of Life.

ROBERT CRITTENDEN:

AND THE FIRST GREAT DUEL IN ARKANSAS.

[illegible]

THE SATURDAY EVEN[ING POST.]

A MAMMOTH PAPER.

CONTAINING MORE LITERARY AND NEWS MATTER THAN ANY OTHER TWO DOLLAR PAPER IN PHILADELPHIA—AND FROM ONE-FOURTH TO ONE-HALF MORE THAN THE GENERALITY OF CITY WEEKLIES.

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8	"	(And one to Agent, or the getter up of the Club.)	$10.00,	"
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THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK, FOR DECEMBER.

SARTAIN'S UNION MAGAZINE

TRAVELLING AGENTS.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

[illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE WORTH OF HOURS.

BY RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES.

Believe not that your least sips
Can ever in vast measure try
The worth of hours as they go by.

For every man's week self, and
Makes him to one thing, and one day,
As through a dim or crystal glass,

But if in customs once you would
Meet out to each its part of good,
Your order to your aims is void.

Those rarely were not tardy spent,
That have with fervor's self intent,
In sad sooner, self it meant.

And more—though free from sensuous harm,
You rest from toil of mind or limb,
Or view entire from Prometheus's Charm;

If then a puzzled sooner comes on,
Of something wholly lost or gone,
Vainly enjoyed or vainly done—

Of something from your Being's Chain
Broke off, ere to be laid in it again
By all mere memory can retain—

Upon your heart this truth may rise—
Nothing that altogether dies
Suffices man's just decision.

He should not live, that every hour
May die as dies the natural flower,
A self-severing thing of power,

That every Thought and every Deed
May hold within itself the seed
Of future good, and flower and breed;

Blossoming forever, whose employ
Is to develope, not destroy,
For better time a Harvest Joy.

OUR STATE.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

The South land hath its fields of cane,
The Prairie boasts its heavy grain,
And sunset's radiant gates unfold
On mines more rich and woods of gold;

Rough, bleak and cold, our little State
Is land-set, of these regions great;
Her yellow sands are sands alone;
Her only mines are ice and stone;

From autumn frost to April rain,
Too long for winter weeds complain;
From looking for the flowers we find
Her summer time is all too brief.

But on her rocks and on her sands
And stunted kids, the school-house stands;
And what her rugged soil denies,
The harvest of the mind supplies.

The treasures of our Commonwealth
Are free strong minds and hearts of health,
And deeper for her lack of gold
The contempt of mean and coward hearts.

For well she keeps her ancient stocks—
The stubborn strength of Puritan blocks;
And still maintains, with milder laws
And clearer light, the Old Time cause!

No lands the sheriff's pomp hands,
If blue over her roband the church-spire stands;
Her fame the thinclad exports
Who's ever her church upon sunday the school

Interesting Sketch.

THE FREE CHURCH OF SCOTLAND.

In Scotland, before the late foundation of "The Free Church," the congregation did not, as here, possess the right to call their own minister. On the contrary, some lord, or other great landed proprietor—generally one whose ancestors had given largely to the Church—had the sole right to nominate, or present, as it was called in legal phraseology, the minister. For a century past, two parties divided the Church in reference to the effect of such presentation: one contending that the Presbytery was bound to sanction it, the other that the Presbytery had a right to reject the candidate if unworthy or disagreeable to them. This controversy came to a crisis in 1834, when four ministers of the Church left their livings, rather than submit to the decision of the civil power and by this secession founded the present "Free Church" of Scotland. The following eloquent article, copied from the Methodist Quarterly Review for October, gives a stirring narrative of the events that led up, and the Christian heroism that characterized, that catastrophe.—*Evening Bulletin.*

In 1834, the General Assembly passed what was termed *the veto act*, asserting that no minister should be forced upon a congregation, the majority of which honestly declared their opposition to his settlement. It was thus at length asserted that the State had not the right to force upon the Church her rulers and teachers, and that the consent of the people was essential to the validity of a call.

The act produced a deep sensation throughout Scotland, and no sermons looking for its results. A case soon came to test its operation. The patron of the parish of Auchterarder presented a minister to its living, against whom an overwhelming majority of the congregation solemnly remonstrated. The Presbytery refused to proceed with the induction. The patron and presentee appealed to the Ecclesiastical courts, but they confirmed the Presbytery. They then appealed to the civil tribunals, and obtained a decree of the court of session, by a vote of eight to five, pronouncing the veto act illegal, and censuring the Presbytery for obeying it; and afterwards fining it £100,000 for doing what it had solemnly vowed to do—obey its ecclesiastical superiors. An appeal was taken to the House of Lords, and the decision of the civil court confirmed.

Here, then, the ecclesiastical and civil authorities were brought into direct conflict. Other cases soon occurred, involving the same principle; the Church of Scotland asserting that she should not be forced to perform spiritual acts by stress of civil power, and the Government insisting on the right to constrain "to these acts by fines and imbecile. Repeated attempts were made at compromise by Dr. Chalmers on the part of the Church, and distinguished members of her Majesty's ministry on the part of the Government, but without success. It at length became evident that the Evangelical party must yield, or must retire from the Church, and form a new body, or that the Moderate Party must, for the time, resign the power which it had so long exercised. It was thought possible that a large number of men could renounce all their worldly emoluments, or support of a mere abstraction. Judging from what they know of human nature, they felt certain that when it came to the stern issue of sacrificing their all, interest would be paramount to principle, and but few would secede.

Such was the state of public feeling in the beginning of 1843. Some hoped that the Evangelical party would retire; some that they would yield some believed that the old and dauntless spirit of the Covenant still lingered about the mountains and glens that were hallowed by the blood of martyred witnesses for Christ's crown, and that this spirit would flame out in their sons; others believed that all this display of determination was mere bravado, that their guns were but at the sensible hour of trial.

The eventful 18th of May, 1843, was a memorable day for Scotland. Her gray old capital was crowded with the sons of her land, who came pouring in from mountain and lowland, to see the last haughty struggle in that contest so long waged between the spirit of mankind and tyrant on the one hand, and the might of power and wealth on the other. The noon old towers of Holyrood was graced with the glitter of reflected royalty, and the deep and solemn accents of the Old Tests are thronged with eager faces, which scarcely turn to gaze on the glittering pomp of the magnificent frame that sprung from the second palace of the Stuarts to the Cathedral Church of St. Giles. All feel that the day is to be one of fate for interests that lie near the throbbing heart of Scotland. The General Assembly, that day to meet, would decide better than anything since the history of the noblest and purest part of the Church of Knox, and Melville, and Henderson.

The Royal Commissioner having laid his stately wand, and labored with his glittering retinue to the opening sermon at St. Giles, the procession again moves through a wedged and living mass to the Church of St. Andrew's, where the assembly is to meet. For hours this church has been crowded to suffocation, except in the seats reserved for the members. At length those seats are filled. In the area sits the polished and clever Wodrow; whose pure and glowing spirit seems to shine through his fair fragile body, like a lamp through a vase of alabaster; and whose loud brow and compressed lip tell of undaunting resolve. Beside him is seen the white-haired Chalmers, whose massive frame and swollen brow bespeak the profoundest emotion. Around are gathered men, who, as they think of the quiet home of peaceful years, are gathered in agonizing suspense, homes where so many days of joy had been passed, but where they may soon be abandoned by their own act, and those dear ones taken forth to encounter with the nameless uncertainties of the future, the eye of the husband and father fills with an unbidden tear; but as they remember the high and holy cause in which that sacrifice is to be made, the tear is brushed away, and the heart of the Christian is nerved with new strength for the offering he was sure to make on the altar of principle. Soon the buzz of trumpets and the clatter of palace announce the entrance of representative royalty, *who is received by the Assembly standing*, and greeted by the Moderator as he appears with the customary formalities. The blessing of the Church's great Head is then implored, reverently, and there is a breathless pause. A thousand hearts are throbbing with a quickened pulse, and quivering lips are moved with prayer, as the Moderate turns slowly and firmly to the Royal Commissioner, and, for himself and those who shall unite with him, solemnly protests against the organization of the Assembly as not free; against the encroaching acts of the power as illegal and unconstitutional; and remonstrates all connection with an establishment whose head of union had become a yoke of bondage to the Church, and a fetter on the table, and bowing to the Commissioner, he abandons the chair and walks towards the Eastern door. It was a moment of intense excitement and suspense. No one who would witness a form in the hour of trial, and the Government had been confidently assured that not more than thirty would leave the Establishment in the last issue. Who, then, will follow the noble Welsh? First, there sprang to his side the dauntless Chalmers, with his flashing eye and his iron port; another; and another; the men whose names had shed the brightest lustre on the Church, or on the law had toiled most faithfully for the destitute and neglected; one by one they rose and swelled the gathering stream, until one hundred and ninety-three souls have been counted, and the pride and flower of the Church has departed. From the crowded seats and galleries there throng others to share in the glorious secession of the princes of Mary Haines—and for what?

Not for a principle which has ever been in force ever thought of upsetting his appointment. Everybody, because it is customary to meddle with the affairs of others, and to express an opinion that did not get married; old folks said it was unchristian; young folks said they would not stand it; and the girls occasionally said they would rack him if he came near them. Nobody, however, had the cut him out and take her myself, as the wholefigure, brings the tortoise and carry off the prize. I long had contemplated a sneaking following notice to determined to let my feelings have full sway. I parted with Mary on the 5th of May in the usual fashion, and as near as I can recollect I said to her that I would be down on Sunday week to spend a day with her. Mary, on the contrary, declared that she would not be detained without exercising one little. Suffice it to say, that on a grand occasion by the solemn to see nothing except energy in each every person and age, the stupendous structure of the Free Church went up, like Aladdin's palace, as it were in a single night, and the world stood amazed at the unparalleled spectacle.

Science and Art.

IMPROVED LOCOMOTIVE.—A new engine has been built at the Locomotive Works of Messrs. Norris, manufactured by Mr. Ross Winans, of Baltimore, which is highly spoken of by scientific men, and by the engineers of all our railroads. It is made for burning anthracite coal, and has a fire box 6 feet 10 inches long, 3½ wide, and 5 feet in depth, which will contain at least a ton of coal. The fire grate is peculiar to this engine, and is so arranged as to permit the furnace to burn down and shake out the ashes, even when the doors of the fire-box are closed.

It is 10 feet weight, with two driving wheels 7 feet 6 inches in diameter, eight supporting or truck wheels—the driving wheels being in the centre, and the truck wheels at the extremities of the engine, by which arrangement the whole of the weight may be thrown upon the driving wheels, for the purpose of giving adhesion to the rails. By this power can be concentrated or spread over the whole of the wheels, according as it is needed. It is estimated that this engine will run with perfect speed of 60 miles per hour. Mr. Winslow, by the engineer of Levi and Mary engine, is running engines in his report, on the Reading Railroad, Pa. Working, drawings, and a full description of these wheels is found in Mr. Emil Reich's new work, "American Locomotives."

IMPROVED CAST-IRON CAR WHEELS.—Messrs. Hayward & Carrahan—Mr. James Patterson, of Frankville, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y., has lately made an excellent improvement in the construction of carriages and waggon, which must ultimately, in our opinion, be of great benefit to the community at large. He sells and the same to the public, as carriages, &c., which are made upon his plan, are of great strength in his improvement. By an improvement in the bush of the wheels, the axle-tree may be taken out, and when worn, it can be repaired at a very small cost, and made as good as new. The axles are formed upon the most approved principles, and the thread by which the nuts can be taken to pieces in a few seconds, and the wheels removed from the axle-tree, and again so equally as short a period. The most singular improvement, however, is that of the axle-tree itself, used on the whole of it, to resist the radial tension to the track, and yet every brace can be taken apart by that. The inventor has taken measures to secure it by patent.

A NEW STEAM ENGINE.—A new steam engine has been invented by Mr. Wm. Wilson